

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Mef. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant Hoast,
And craues your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it sorts, braue Warriors, let's away.
Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland
and Young Prince, with Drumme and
Trumpettes.

Ed. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
That sought to be incompart with your Crowne.
Doth not the object cheere your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rockes cheere them that feare their wrack,
To see this sight, it irkes my very soule:
With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infir'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmfull pittie must be layd aside:

To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?
Not to the Beast, that would vnrue their Den.
Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth like?
Not his that spoyle her yong before her face.

Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on,
And Doues will pecke in safegard of their Brood.

Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.

He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a louing Sire.

Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Didst yeeld consent to disinherit him:

Which argued thee a most vnloving Father,
Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young,

And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not scene them euen with those wings,
Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,

Make warre with him that clim'd vnto their nest,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?

For shame, my Liege, make them your President:
Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy

Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long hereafter say vnto his childe,

What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got,
My carelesse Father fondly gaue away.

Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promisseth

Successfull Fortune Steele thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:

But Clifford tell me, didst thou neuer heare,
That things ill got, had euer bad successe.

And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:

He leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:

For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,

Then in possession any iot of pleasure.
Ah Cousin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,

How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere.
Qu. My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye,

And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne,

Vnleath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right.

Prim. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
He draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,

And in that quarrell, vse it to the death.
Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a Band of thirty thousand men,

Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,

Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,
Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Qu. I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.
King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prim. My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Vnleath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolk, Mountague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now periur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And set thy Diadem vpon my head?

Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.
Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his consent.

Cl. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,

Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reason too,
Who should succede the Father, but the Sonne.

Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.
Clif. I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee,

Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.

War. What say'st thou Henry,
Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you speak)

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare
When you and I, met at S. Albons last,

Your legges did better serue thee than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valor Clifford drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently,

Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swolne heart

Vpon that Clifford, that cruell Child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy Father, call'st thou him a Child?

Rich.

Alarum, Exeunt Omnes. Enter Warwicke.

War. Fort-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:

For strokes receiv'd, and many blowes repaid,
Haue robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,

And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while.
Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heaven, or strike vngentle death,
For this world frownes, and Edwards Sonne is clouded.

War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of
good?

Enter Clarence.

Cl. Our hap is losse, our hope but sad dispaire,
Our ranks are broke, and ruine followes vs.

What counsaile giue you? whether shall we flye?
Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow vs with Wings,

And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.
Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why hast thou withdrawn thy selfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirstie earth hath drunk,

Broach'd with the Steele point of Cliffords Lance:
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,

Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.

So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That stain'd their Fellockes in his smoaking blood,

The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

He kill my Horse, because I will not flye:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere,

Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie

Were plaid in iest, by counterfetting Actors,
Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,

He neuer pawse againe, neuer stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,

Or Fortune giuen me measure of Reuenge.
Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,

And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine:
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:

Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)
That to my Foes this body must be prey,

Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And giue sweet passage to my finfull soule.

Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.

Rich. Brother,
Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,

Let me embrace thee in my weary armes:
I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo,

That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.
War. Away, away:

Once more sweet Lords farwell.
Cl. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,

And giue them leaue to flye, that will not stay:
And call them Pillars that will stand to vs:

And if we thriue, promise them such rewards
As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory: